

HANOVER, FEBRUARY 23, 1804.

LA ROCHE.

[Concluded from No. 13.]

LA ROCHE's religion was that of sentiment, not theory, and his guest was averse to disputation; their discourse did not therefore lead to questions concerning the belief of either; yet would the old man sometimes speak of his, from the feelings of a heart impressed with its force, and wishing to spread the pleasure he enjoyed in it. The ideas of his God and his Saviour, were so congenial to his mind, that every emotion of it naturally awakened them. A philosopher might have called him an enthusiast; but if he possessed the fervor of enthusiasts, he was guiltless of their bigotry. "Our Father, who art in heaven!" might the good old man say—for he felt it, and all mankind were his brethren.

"You regret, my friend," said he, to the philosopher, "when my daughter and I talk of the exquisite pleasure derived from music; you regret your want of musical powers and musical feelings; it is a department of soul, you say, which nature has almost denied you, which, from the effects you see it have on others, you are sure it must be highly delightful. Why should not the same thing be said of religion? Trust me, I feel in it the same way, an energy, an inspiration, which I would not loose for all the blessings of sense, or enjoyments of the world; yet so far from lessening my relish of the pleasures of life, that I feel it heightens them all. The thought of receiving it from God, adds the blessings of sentiment to that of sensation, in every good thing which I possess; and when calamities overtake me, and I have had my share, it confers a dignity on my affliction, and so lifts me above the world. Man, I know, is but a worm, yet methinks I am allied to God!" It would have been inhuman in our philosopher to cloud, even with a doubt, the sunshine of his belief.—His discourse, indeed, was very remote from metaphysical disquisition, or religious controversy. Of all men I ever knew, his ordinary conversation was the least tinged with pedantry, or liable to disputation. With La Roche and his daughter, it was perfectly familiar.

The country round them, the manners of the village, the comparison of both with those of England, remarks on the works of favorite authors, on the sentiments they conveyed, and the passions they excited, with many other topics in which there was an equality, or alternate advantage, among the speakers, were the subjects they talked on. Their hours too of riding and walking were many, in which the philosopher, as a stranger, was shown the remarkable

scenes and curiosities of the country. They would sometimes make little expeditions to contemplate, in different attitudes, those astonishing mountains, the cliffs of which, covered with eternal snows, and sometimes shooting into frantic shapes, form the termination of most of the Swiss prospects. Our philosopher asked many questions, as to their natural history and productions. La Roche observed the sublimity of the ideas, which the view of their stupendous summits, inaccessible to mortal foot, was calculated to inspire, which, said he, naturally leads the mind to that Being by whom their foundations were laid.—"They are not seen in Flanders!" said Mademoiselle, with a sigh. "That is an odd remark," said the philosopher, smiling. She blushed, and he enquired no farther. It was with regret he left a society in which he found himself so happy; but he settled with La Roche and his daughter a plan of correspondence; and they took his promise, that if ever he came within fifty leagues of their dwelling, he would travel those fifty leagues to visit them.

About three years after, our philosopher was on a visit at Geneva; the promise he made to La Roche and his daughter, on his former visit, was recalled to his mind, by the view of that range of mountains, on a part of which they had often looked together. There was a reproach too, conveyed along with the recollection, for his having failed to write to either of them for several months past. The truth was, that indolence was the habit most natural to him, from which he was not easily roused by the claims of correspondence, either of his friends or his enemies; when the latter drew their pens in controversy, they were often answered as well as the former.—While he was hesitating about a visit to La Roche, which he wished to make, but found the effort rather too much for him, he received a letter from the old man, which had been forwarded to him from Paris, where he had then fixed his residence. It contained a gentle complaint of the Philosopher's want of punctuality, but an assurance of continued gratitude for his former good offices, and, as a friend whom the writer considered interested in his family, it informed him of the approaching nuptials of Mademoiselle La Roche, with a young man, a relation of her own, and formerly a pupil of her father, of the most noble disposition and respectable character. Attached from their earliest years, they had been separated by his joining one of the subsidiary regiments of the Canton, then in the service of a foreign power. In this situation, he had distinguished himself as much for courage and military skill, as for the other endowments which he had cultivated at home,

The term of his service was now expired, and they expected him to return in a few weeks, when the old man hoped, as he expressed in his letter, to join their hands, and see them happy.

Our philosopher felt himself interested in this event; but he was not, perhaps, altogether so happy in the tidings of Mademoiselle La Roche's marriage, as her father supposed him. Not that he ever was a lover of the lady; but he thought her one of the most amiable women he had seen; and there was something in the idea of her being another's forever, that struck him, he knew not why, like a disappointment. After some little speculation on the matter, however, he could look on it as a thing fitting, if not quite agreeable; and determined on his visit, to see his old friend and his daughter happy. On the last day of his journey, different accidents had retarded his progress; he was benighted before he reached the quarter in which La Roche resided. His guide, however, was well acquainted with the road, and he found himself in view of the lake, which I have before described, in the neighbourhood of La Roche's dwelling. A light gleamed on the water, that seemed to proceed from the house; it moved slowly along as he proceeded up the side of the lake, and at last he saw it glimmering through the trees, and stop at some distance from the place where he then was. He supposed it some piece of bridal merriment, and pulled on his horse that he might be a spectator of the scene; but he was a good deal shocked, on approaching the spot, to find it to be the torch of a person clothed in the dress of an attendant on a funeral, and accompanied by several others, who, like him, seemed to have been employed in the rites of sepulture. On the philosopher's making inquiry who they had been burying? one of them with an accent more mournful than is common to their profession, answered, "then you knew not Mademoiselle, Sir! you never beheld a lover." "La Roche!" exclaimed he, in reply—"alas, it was she indeed!" The appearance of grief and surprise, which his countenance assumed, attracted the notice of the peasant with whom he talked. He came up close to the philosopher—"I perceive you are acquainted with Mademoiselle La Roche." "Acquainted with her! Good God! when—how—where did she die? Where is her father?" "She died, Sir, of heart break, I believe; the young gentleman to whom she was soon to be married, was killed in a duel by a French officer, his intimate companion, and to whom, before their quarrel, they had often done the greatest favors. Her worthy father bears her death, as he has often told us a Christian should; he is even so composed as to

be now in his pulpit, ready to deliver a few exhortations to his parishioners, as is the custom with us on such occasions. Follow me, Sir, and you shall hear him.' He followed the man without answering. The church was dimly lighted, except near the pulpit, where the venerable La Roche was seated. His people were now lifting up their voices to that Being whom their pastor had taught them ever to bless and revere. La Roche sat, his figure bending gently forward, his eyes half closed, lifted up in silent devotion. A lamp, placed near him, threw a light strongly on his head, and marked the shadowy lines of his age across the paleness of his brow, thinly covered with grey hairs. The music ceased—La Roche sat for a moment, and nature wrung a few tears from him. His people were loud in their grief. The philosopher was not less affected than they. La Roche arose.—'Father of mercies,' said he, 'forgive these tears; assist thy servant to lift up his soul to thee; to lift to thee the souls of thy people! My friends! it is good so to do; at all seasons it is good; but in the days of our distress, what a privilege it is! Well saith the sacred book, "Trust in the Lord; at all times trust in the Lord."—"When every other support fails us, when the fountains of wordly comfort are dried up, let us then seek those living waters which flow from the throne of God. It is only from the belief of the goodness and wisdom of a Supreme Being, that our calamities can be borne in a manner which becomes a man. Human wisdom is here of little use; for in proportion as it bestows comfort, it represses feeling, without which, we may cease to be hurt by calamity, but we shall also cease to enjoy happiness. I will not bid you be insensible, my friends! I cannot. I feel too much myself, and I am not ashamed of my feelings; but therefore, may I the more willingly be heard; therefore have I prayed God to give me strength to speak to you; to direct you to him, not with empty words, but with these tears; not from speculation, but from experience—that while you see me suffer you may know also my consolation. You behold the mourner of his only child, the last earthly stay and blessing of his declining years! Such a child, too! It becomes not me to speak of her virtues; yet it is but grateful to mention them, because they were exerted towards myself. Not many days ago you saw her young, beautiful, virtuous and happy; ye who are parents will judge of my affliction now. But I look towards him who struck me; I see the hand of a father amidst the chastenings of my God. Oh! could I make you feel what it is to pour out the heart when it is pressed down with many sorrows; to pour it out with confidence to him in whose hands are *life and death*; on whose power awaits all that the *first* enjoys,

and in contemplation of whom disappears all that the *last* can inflict! For we are not as those who die without hope; we know that our Redeemer liveth—that we shall live with him, with our friends, his servants, in that blessed land where sorrow is unknown, and happiness as endless as it is perfect. Go then, mourn not for me; I have not lost my child; but a little while and we shall meet again, never to be separated. But ye are also my children.—Would ye that I should not grieve without comfort? So live as she lived; that when your death shall come, it may be the death of the righteous, and your latter end like his."

Such was the exhortation of La Roche; his audience answered it with tears. The good old man had dried up his at the altar of the Lord; his countenance had lost its sadness, and assumed the glow of faith and hope. The philosopher followed him into his house. The inspiration of the pulpit was past; the scenes they had last met in, rushed again on his mind; La Roche threw his arms around his neck, and watered it with his tears. The other was equally affected; they went together in silence into the parlor, where the evening service was wont to be performed.—The curtains of the organ were open; La Roche started back at the sight—"Oh my friend," said he, and his tears burst forth again. The philosopher had now recollected himself; he stepped forward and drew the curtain close—the old man wiped off his tears, and, taking his friend by the hand, "You see my weakness," said he, "'tis the weakness of humanity; but my comfort is not therefore lost."—"I heard you," said the other, "in the pulpit; I rejoice that such consolation is yours."—"It is, my friend," said he, "and I trust I shall ever hold it fast. If there are any who doubt our faith, let them think of what importance religion is to calamity, and forbear to weaken its force; if they cannot restore our happiness, let them not take away the solace of our affliction."

The philosopher's heart was smitten; and I have heard him long after confess, that there were moments when the remembrance overcame him even to weakness; when, amidst all the pleasures of philosophical discovery, and the pride of literary fame, he called to his mind the venerable figure of the good La Roche, and wished that he had never doubted.



From Edgeworth's Practical Education.

TEMPER.

IT is particularly necessary for girls to acquire command of temper in arguing, because much of the effect of their powers of reasoning, and of their wit, when they grow up, will depend upon the gentleness and good humor with which they conduct

themselves. A woman, who should attempt to thunder like Demosthenes, would not find her eloquence increase her domestic happiness. We by no means wish that women should yield their better judgment to their fathers or husbands; but, without using any of that debasing cunning which Rousseau recommends, they may support the cause of reason with all the graces of female gentleness.

A man, in a furious passion, is terrible to his enemies; but a woman in a passion, is disgusting to her friends; she loses the respect due to her sex, and she has not masculine strength and courage to enforce any other species of respect. These circumstances should be considered by writers who advise that no difference should be made in the education of the two sexes. We cannot help thinking that their happiness is of more consequence than their speculative rights, and we wish to educate women so that they may be happy in the situations in which they are most likely to be placed. So much depends upon the temper of women, that it ought to be most carefully cultivated in early life; girls should be more inured to restraint than boys, because they are likely to meet with more restraint in society. Girls should learn the habit of bearing slight reproaches, without thinking them matters of great consequence; but then they should always be permitted to state their arguments, and they should perceive that justice is shewn to them, and that they increase the affection and esteem of their friends by command of temper. Many passionate men are extremely good natured, and make amends for their extravagancies by their candor, and their eagerness to please those whom they have injured during their fits of anger. It is said, that the servants of Dean Swift used to throw themselves in his way whenever he was in a passion, because they knew that his generosity would recompense them for standing the full fire of his anger. A woman, who permitted herself to treat her servants with ill humor, and who believed that she could pay them for ill usage, would make a very bad mistress of a family; her husband and her children would suffer from her ill temper, without being recompensed for their misery. We should not let girls imagine that they can balance ill humor by some good quality or accomplishment; because, in fact, there are none which can supply the want of temper in the female sex.

A just idea of the nature of dignity, opposed to what is commonly called *spirit*, should be given early to our female pupils. Many women, who are not disposed to violence of temper, affect a certain degree of petulance, and a certain stubbornness of opinion, merely because they imagine that to be gentle, is to be mean; and that to listen to reason, is to be deficient in spirit.

In the course of our novel-reading, amid heaps of rubbish and nonsense we meet with frequent instruction. Mrs. Robinson, in her "Widow," has penned the following delicate defence for unfortunately deluded, but repentant females.

'WE are all (says Mrs. St. Lawrence) subject to error, and the feeling, considerate mind readily embraces every occasion to commend, rather than depreciate. Let those who censure, examine their own heart; let them, before they condemn, prove themselves immaculate. The frailty of our sex depends on a thousand circumstances, and ought to claim the tenderest indulgence. A woman may be weak without being vicious; a variety of events may conspire to undermine the most powerful rectitude; and the severity frequently exercised by relations in the education of youth, gives an habitual discontent, which renders every scene of life dull and insipid. The mind, so tinged with peevish indifference, shrinks from the energies of virtue, and easily becomes a prey to the designing. There are women who have no opportunities to wander from the paths of propriety; peculiar deficiency in personal attractions will often shield the weakest heart from the attacks of the seducer; others are placed on such an eminence of delight, so surrounded by all the comforts, the luxuries of life, blessed with the attentions of amiable kindred (while every wish is anticipated by the affections of a worthy husband) that to deviate from virtue would be unpardonable. But let the unprejudiced observer turn to that woman, who, perhaps, tenderly educated in the bosom of affluence, with a mind exquisitely sensible, driven upon the mercy of an unfeeling world; young, beautiful, stricken with poverty, shrinking under oppression, assailed by flattery, and allured by splendor; surely the most obdurate heart must sigh for such a wanderer, and confess that, if any thing can palliate indiscretion, it is the combination of such circumstances. But, alas! how few will examine with candour, or judge with lenity! How few will look back upon past provocation, in order to extenuate present culpability! For my own part, I confess I never beheld the blush of contrition, without feeling an involuntary impulse to bathe it with a tear of pity! The happy do not want the aids of compassion, and I trust I shall cease to exist when I withhold a sigh from the unfortunate.

'You know, my amiable friend, I was always a melancholy being; and the solitude that surrounds me tends to cherish every mournful propensity. Guilt only flies from the stillness of seclusion, where it dares not scrutinize its own heart; for my own choice,

*I love the labyrinth, the silent glade,
For soft repose, and conscious rapture made;
The melancholy murmurs of the rill,
The moaning zephyrs and the breezy bill,*

*The torrent roaring from the flinty steep,
The morning gales that o'er the landscape sweep,
The shade that dusky twilight meekly draws,
O'er the calm interval of nature's pause;
'Till the chaste moon slow stealing o'er the plain,
Wraps the dark mountain in her silvery train,
Soothing with sympathetic tears the breast
That seeks for SOLITUDE, and sighs for REST.*

'You see, my dear Madam, I am still an humble handmaid of the MUSES; they are my best companions, for them I owe many a tranquil hour, which perverse fortune cannot darken, or even the envy of the world wrest from me.'

THE desire of pleasing all mankind, which is the counterpart of the two former principles, is a fertile source of weakness and mutability in some of the best dispositions. It is the quality commonly termed good-nature, and perhaps is in some measure national to Englishmen. Young persons are not only themselves prone to fall into excess of easy good nature, but it is the quality that most readily captivates them in the choice of an early friend. It is impossible here to blame the disposition, although it be highly important to guard against the indulgence of it; for it leads to the very imbecility of conduct that false shame and cowardice do. In the course of our duties we are almost as frequently called upon to undergo the censure and enmity of mankind, as to cultivate their friendship and good opinion. Cicero, in enumerating the causes which induce men to desert their duty, very properly mentions an unwillingness "suscipere inimicitias," to take up enmities. This is, indeed, one of the severest trials of our attachment to principles; but it is what we must be ready to sustain when occasion requires, or renounce every claim to a strong and elevated character.

'At present, I can sincerely assure you, that I feel more compunction for early compliances, than regret for the consequences of later assertions of principle. And it is my decided advice to you, who are beginning the world, not to be intimidated from openly espousing the cause you think a right one, by the apprehension of incurring any man's displeasure. I suppose this to be done within the limits of candour, modesty, and real good temper. These being observed, you can have no enemies but those who are not worthy to be your friends.'

[Aikin's Letter.]

Cowper's opinion of Lavater—I have read most of Lavater's aphorisms; they appear to me some of them, wise, many of them whimsical, a few of them false, and not a few of them extravagant. Nil illi medium—If he finds in a man, the feature or quality that he approves, he deifies him; if the contrary, he is a devil. His verdict is, in neither case, a just one.

A Gentleman some time since, ascended

in a balloon, accompanied by a lady; after having risen to a considerable height, he proposed to salute her; this the lady then refused, adding 'that at any other time, she should not have the least objection upon earth.'

Port Folio.

Examining the fragments of writing which have come down to us from the times of monkish darkness, when the human understanding, as well as conscience, was kept in fetters, and the churchmen of the day contrived to make a monopoly of learning, by shutting out, as far as they could, the laity from the use of letters, we find a most deplorable want of that sententious wisdom, which distinguished the latter end of Paganism, and of that wit, which has rendered the face of the civilized world so illustrious since the revival of learning—or, to use the words of Doctor Johnson, 'Since learning triumph'd o'er her barbarous foes.' All was, during that time, quaint quibble, or miserable conceit, and those continued for a long time afterwards to be affected by the greatest men. Shakespeare now stands a signal instance of it. Sometimes, however, we find a lucky thought in the rubbish of those times, and among those we consider one which has been noticed by Lord Bacon. 'One of the Fathers,' says his Lordship, saith that there is this difference between the death of old men and young men: that old men go to death, and death comes to young men.'

[Charleston Courier.]

'Such is thy lot, O Gallia! such the rage
That blurs, with crimson spots, fair Nature's page!
That leaps the bounds of reason, and destroys
The law's strong barrier, and the subject's joys!
That roots up all the sacred rights of truth!
The claims of age, the energies of youth!
Bids commerce tremble, justice hide her scale,
Contention revel, and revenge prevail!
Religion perish in the guilty mind,
And devastation riot unconfin'd!
While all are rulers, all, alas! are slaves!
Each dreads his fellow, each his fellow braves!
While in one horrid mass, all miseries blend;
Each shuns his brother, and each fears his friend!
The son, with blood-stain'd falchion strikes the Sire!
The parent smiles to see the son expire!
Against his lord the vassal wields his spear!
The vaunting atheist mocks the vestal's tear!
The lawless idiot lifts his ruthless arm,
To tear from science ev'ry graceful charm!
While genius from the maddening tumult flies,
Weeps o'er her with'ring bays, and seeks the skies.'

Mrs. Robinson.

GAFFER-GRAY.

HO ! Why dost thou shiver and shake,
Gaffer-Gray !
And why doth thy nose look so blue ?
'Tis the weather that's cold ;
Tis I'm grown very old,
And my doublet is not very new,
Well-a-day !

Then line my worn doublet with ale,
Gaffer-Gray ;
And warm thy old heart with a glass.
'Nay, but credit I've none ;
And my money's all gone ;
Then say how may that come to pass ?
Well-a-day !

Hie away to the house on the brow,
Gaffer-Gray ;
And knock at the jolly priest's door.
'The priest often preaches
Against worldly riches ;
But ne'er gives a mite to the poor,
Well-a-day !

The Lawyer lives under the hill,
Gaffer-Gray ;
Warmly fenced both in back and in front,
'He will fasten his locks,
And will threaten the stocks,
Should he ever more find me in want,
Well-a-day !

The Squire has fat bees and brown ale,
Gaffer-Gray ;
And the season will welcome you there.
'His fat bees and his beer,
And his merry new year
Are all for the flush and the fair,
Well-a-day !

My keg is but low I confess,
Gaffer-Gray ;
What then ? While it lasts man we'll live.
....The poor man alone,
When he hears the poor moan,
Of his morsel a morsel he'll give,
Well-a-day !

THE SERENADE.

AWAKE, my love ! the pearls of dew
That gem thy lover's flowing hair,
Shall prove his passion warm and true,
As thou art, Laura, bright and fair.

O'er many a hill, through many a field,
Through many a glade I bent my way,
Now close by gathering shades concealed,
Now guided by the friendly ray.

Through fens where aguish vapors play,
Blue gleaming o'er the doubtful soil,
Through woods, where ruffians lurking lay,
To rush through blood to impious spoil.

Nor vapors dank alarmed my thought,
Nor prowling robbers waked my fear,
For here restoring warmth I sought,
And knew my treasure all was here.

Then wake, my love ! the corded stairs
Swift from the opening casement throw,
And pay thy lover's anxious cares,
With joys that lovers only know.

Be swift, my fair ! the transient night
For Love's, nor Hymen's rights will
stay :
Too soon will speed the envious light,
To chase Alonzo far away.

Such was the song of Alonzo, who, tuning the soft guitar beneath the solitary window of his Laura, claimed by delightful stealth those endearments to which, in the privacy of a neighboring convent, he had lately acquired a title :—The feudal hatred existing between the families of the youthful pair, prevented the open avowal of their union. Nightly, therefore, he stole from his distant mansion, and, attended by no other companion than the instrument whose tender notes were the signal of his approach, came beneath the window of his expecting bride, a lover of unaltered truth. Nor was the ear of Laura now closed against the strain, for the motion of the moon-beams, reflected by the glass, showed that the hand of the fair one was trembling on the casement, while her ear was fondly listening to the notes of love. He ceased—the casement opened, and throwing his guitar among the shrubs, he mounted the ladder that dropped to his assistance, and rushed to her enraptured arms.—Undisturbed be their transports—the last they shall enjoy ! and may chaste secrecy encertain them around.

Don Carlos, returning from scenes of stealthy love, had discovered, as he passed the fatal bush, the guitar too imperfectly concealed. His jealous spirit took instantly the alarm, and gloomy suspicions arose of his sister's honor. He drew forth his dagger in the first fury of his soul, and would have roused the house, and rushed for instant vengeance to her chamber.—But a gleam of hope returned to his mind when he thought of Laura's worth and virtuous deportment. His rashness was thus restrained, and secreting himself among the shrubbery, he waited the return of dawn that should confirm or dissipate his doubts.

Not long was the jealous brother concealed. The bird of day trilled forth his earliest note ; faded was the lustre of the lamps of night ; and the grey eye of morn was seen prying over the distant hills, when quitting the bliss he was to taste no more, Alonzo descended with a heavy heart. The fond farewell trembled on each faltering tongue, and Laura turned aside to weep. Stay, 'dishonored wanton,' cried the furious brother, 'turn again ere thy paramour be gone forever, and take yet a last farewell. A Castilian's vengeance struck deep as he spoke : his poniard was in Alonzo's heart.—'My husband ! my husband !' exclaimed the frantic fair.—

Breathless fell Alonzo at a brother's feet, and Carlos stood petrified with horror.—But what was the horror of the repentant friend, to the anguish of the widowed bride ! The peace of her mind was flown forever, and vain was each friendly care.

The walls of the sanctuary long echoed to her groans as she wandered through its fullen aisles : but even the sanctuary could not calm her soul, nor its sacred walls confine her bewildered wanderings. With the guitar of her murdered lord, she escaped from the holy confines, and still roves a wretched lunatic at large.

Thy rocks, O Valclusa ! oft reverberate her song ; oft it sounds through the neighboring woods. The torrents from the mountains join the chorus of grief ; and it steals through the vales along the silent streams.

Anonymous.

ANECDOTE OF A SAILOR.

A sailor named Fleming, was pressed about two years since, and put on board a tender, the day before he was about to be married. This was done by the treachery of an acquaintance, who had not only borrowed a sum of money of him, but who endeavored to supplant him in the affections of the girl of his heart. The girl, however, proved faithful in his absence, and her fond tar arrived, flush with prize money. Informed of the iniquitous conduct of his supposed friend, he arrested him for the sum lent, and then sent the following letter.

"So, Mr. Crimp, you are in bilboes, I find. That was a d—d foul-weather trick you played ; but you are under hatches, and there I'll keep you until the matrimony has spliced me to my dear Poll ; I'll then give you leave to shear off. But hark ye, my boy, when you are free from the graples, don't steer in my wake, or I may give you a salute you won't like. I wouldn't wish to send you to Davy's locker, because as how, if I had not been pressed, I might not have fell in with the prize money.—So, you ungrateful swab, I forgive you ; that is, after I am laid alongside my Poll. No more at present, from your's,
JOE FLEMING.

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